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For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 21, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL: PAGE.
Notes ---- 735
What I would Do if I Were Twenty Again — Part V ---- 737
The American Humane Society ---- 738
Indians and Lightning Stroke ---- 738

THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:
The Jerusalem for the Judaism of To-day—M. M. Mangasarian ---- 739
Correspondence. The Peoples' Church, Spring Valley, Minn.—Geo. N. Falconer ---- 749

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL:
The Religions of the World—E. H. W. 741

THE NASHVILLE CONGRESS:
The Partial and the Perfect—Hiram W. Thomas ---- 743
Welcome — By Hon. Hermann Justi- 746
Response — By the Editor of THE NEW UNITY ---- 746

THE STUDY TABLE:
The Boston Browning Society Papers 748
The Conception of God ---- 748
The Story of the Atmosphere ---- 749

THE HOME:
Helps to High Living ---- 750
Making Flags ---- 750
Rest and Beauty ---- 750

THE LIBERAL FIELD:
Chicago ---- 751
Grand Rapids ---- 751
Books Received ---- 751

POETRY:
October—Joseph Leiser ---- 741
Faithful Failure — Otis Ormsby ---- 742
The New Baby—Geo. W. Cable ---- 750
The Scarecrow ---- 750

MY HEAVEN.

O'er this entrancing blue of sky
Soft clouds of grey come sweeping by!
A sudden shifting of the scene,
And bands of blue show gold between!
Now bars of flame their glory shed,
And all my heaven is flecked with red!

O, joy! What splendors here unroll!
What gleams that reach from sense to soul!
But since full soon they fade away,
If some new heaven shall dawn one day,
All saintly pure, "from sense refined,"
Pray God I be not color-blind!

MARION MURDOCH.

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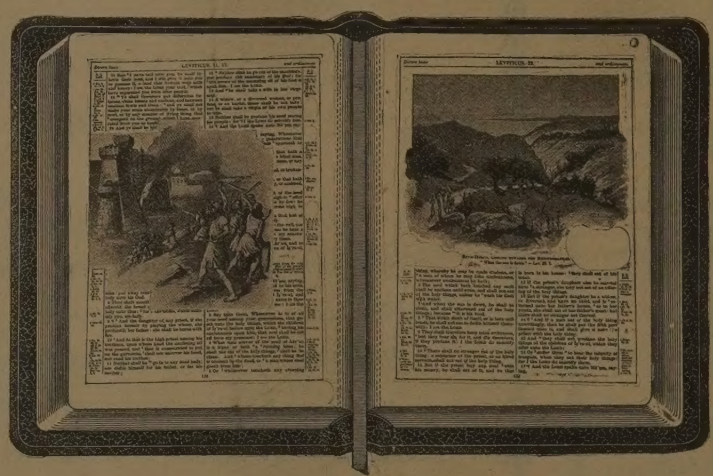

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tiaṇs, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´ṣeṣ said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tiaṇs whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

B. C. 1491.

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17 Is. 41. 10 15, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22 20. 4.

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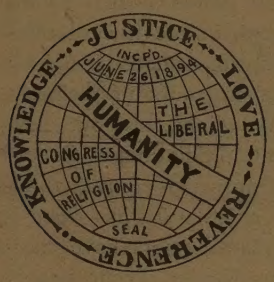
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1897. NUMBER 34



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

The coming church—the church universal—
Whose Temple shall be all space—
Whose Shrine shall be the good Heart—
Whose Creed shall be all Truth—
Whose Ritual shall be works of Love and usefulness—
Whose Profession of Faith shall be divine Life—
And whose constant aspiration shall be to be perfect as God.

THEODORE PARKER.

We are able to give our readers this week the opening sermon at the Nashville Congress by Dr. Thomas, the welcome by Hon. Hermann Justi, and the response by the editor of THE NEW UNITY. Advices just received from Nashville on the eve of the Congress, say: "Everything is ready for a good Congress. Several of the speakers are already on the ground, twenty-four hours ahead of time."

The local papers contained in their Monday issue generous notice of the meetings and interviews with the officers. How much notice the people of the South will give it remains to be seen. There are indications that a considerable number of the laity are much interested, while most of the clergy are confessedly antagonistic.

Later: A telegram just received, Wednesday morning, says: "Full meeting last night, auspicious opening notwithstanding rain."

These editorial notes are thrown off the last thing before the senior editor takes the train for Nashville. While the paper is passing through the press, the Program of the Congress, over which we have worked so long, will be in process of realization. Last week the senior was in the city of Nashville to do the last things necessary to perfect the arrangement and to take part in the annual meeting of the American Humane Society, of which notice will be made elsewhere. The completed eight-page program, New Unity size, three thousand copies of which will be distributed for the seed they will scatter, quite independent of the convenience of those who attend the sessions, contains Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods' poem, "Unity in Diversity," three pages of selected hymns for congregational uses, two pages of "Regrets and Comments," besides the program, and the invitation and organization. It is unnecessary to anticipate. What reception we shall receive will soon be realized. That much work has been expended in the preparation is obvious. That great good has already been accomplished THE NEW UNITY at least will believe. The agitation and invitation, the correspondence and the criticism are some things already realized, and they cannot be discounted. They have already contributed more than we can tell toward the disintegration of the dogmatic spirit, the discounting of sectarian pride; they have encouraged the gropings for the more normal and natural lines of fellowship and sympathy. In short, the work already done in the interest of unification of elements that ought not to be discordant, is an achieved fact. It has been its own justification. On long lines or on short lines, the sequel, we believe, will justify the investment.

Robert Collyer is among his own in Chicago this week. The Editorial staff of THE NEW UNITY will be off to Nashville before his last Sunday word in his pulpit is made public. The old ring is discoverable in the interviews which the Sunday morning papers contained. In one of them he says:

> In my opinion the next twenty-five years will witness the greatest revival of vital religion the world has ever seen. Orthodoxy and the so-called "liberal" church will come closer together, and the result will be of lasting benefit to the cause of religion. Orthodoxy is becoming broader, perhaps even at the expense of orthodoxy itself, but both churches are working to the same end, the glory of God and the salvation of man.
>
> The orthodoxy of twenty years ago is vastly different from the orthodoxy of to-day, and each day the belief in eternal damnation and everlasting fire is becoming less. The churches are coming into closer relationship, and the time is not far away when we will all be in the same groove, and disputes and controversies will be at an end.

This is the old spirit of the Western Unitarian Conference when Robert Collyer was a leader and in which it achieved its great work, not Unitarian*ism* but the unity of the spirit too great for any sect to monopolize.

The political struggle in the greater New York is one that rises into sublime proportions as the intelligent mind reflects upon it. The Citizen's Union is bending itself to the great task of lifting the politics of this great dominion above party politics and applying to the same the principle which would control a wise man in the direction of his own affairs. Hon. Seth Low, president of Columbia College, is the candidate of this union. A bundle of printed matter lies before us issued by the organization. It includes President Low's letter of acceptance, a study of public baths and lavatories, of clean streets, public schools, tenement houses, the city's poor, etc. Accompanying these is an interesting colored map showing the greater New York, which on the first of January, 1898, will have its five boroughs of Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond. It will then be next to the largest city in the world. Its estimated population at that time will be 3,363,280, while the population of the entire country at the passage of the Declaration of Independence was only 2,750,000. This population is greater than that of most of the states of the Union. The appointing power of the new mayor will carry with it salaries amounting to five hundred thousand dollars per annum. Surely a sober task! Let the greater New York look well to its greatness. It has a magnificent opportunity at the coming election to make itself famous or infamous as the case may be.

The following extract from Dr. Hirsch's address at the dedication of the Public Library, Chicago, will be welcomed by our readers as another timely utterance of the message most needed in these closing days of the century:

> Let us not forget that our America is no longer New England. It is indeed the new world. To the stream of its life all the rivers of Europe, and before Europe, of Asia, have contributed. Our history is the history of the world. Rome and Greece and Palestine and Babylon are the opening chapters of our own national scroll. What Europe had wrought and brought to fruition before our Declaration of Independence was written is our own. Even in colonial days, it was not England alone that had sent men and minds to this western world. The Huguenots of France, the Germans that founded Germantown, the Spaniards who had begun to populate what is now our southern frontier—even the Swedes and Scandinavians—all these had made, through their representative men and representatively sterling minds, parts of the new world their new home. And since the ocean has been subdued, and what for many years was a chasm of separation has become a bridge of union, Europe has sent to this country the richest treasures of its manhood and the deepest possessions of its mentality.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Cosmopolitan sympathies are not incompatible with intense patriotism. In the public library indeed, the treasures of foreign lands and the pushing impulses of foreign thought are in place. Where they are not is in public political life. This edifice may symbolize thus the better view which will shut out from the political arena the cheap pandering to foreign prejudices, but which introduces into the broad life of intellect and soul of the American nation, the best that the whole world has called its own.

This week the great observatory of the University of Chicago is to be dedicated at Geneva Lake, Wis. The exercises, commencing Monday afternoon, will continue until Friday evening. It will be a four-day astronomical convention, at which papers will be read by leading astronomers of the country. The observatory itself is as complete as modern science and ingenuity can make it, and contains the largest telescope now in existence. It carries a forty-inch glass that weighs a thousand pounds. It is a long road from this latest triumph in the line of telescopes to the crude little instrument constructed by Galileo out of an old pipe taken from an old church organ which magnified three diameters, but even that enabled him to verify the predictions of Copernicus, and say: "I see the phases of Venus, which Copernicus declared must exist." It has been a thorny road over which the astronomers have traveled; the story of Copernicus, Kepler, Tycho Brahe, Bruno, and Galileo is a sad one, but it has reached glorious results. Poor Copernicus had been in his grave thirty years before any one dared to place a suggestion of his work upon his tombstone lest the grave might be desecrated. Giordano Bruno, after six years of inhuman confinement in the prison of the Inquisition, was burned alive at Ragmarket Square in 1600 A.D., because he taught the plurality of worlds and the unity of the universe. Three hundred and eighty years later a bronze statue was erected on the same spot by the youths of the universities of Italy, and the inscription says: "This spot was consecrated by the burning of Bruno." The church feared the greater universe of Copernicus and his fellows because it seemed to dethrone man. Even Wesley thought such a belief had an atheistic tendency. It does rebuke the mountainous egotism of the so-called "Christian scheme," which makes the whole universe center around man, and would resolve all the realities of space into the mere postulates of the human mind; while on the other hand, the telescope has not only widened the vision, but deepened the solemnities of life. It has taught man the divine patience, and touched his soul with humility. May the great observatory at Lake Geneva not only make the investigators bold to face all the questions of mind, but may it inspire them with a new zeal for the quest, and demonstrate again that study releases us from the trammels of selfishness and carries us into the fellowship of the spirit. In this quest for truth men cease to bear the image of the animal from which they came, and they begin to assume the features of the angels which they are to become. By the power of thought men cease to be slaves, and rise to the dignity of free men. The shackles of superstition fall off, and the unfettered soul revels in the boundless universe of truth, beauty, and love.

The tragedy which occurred recently in the halls of the Meadville Theological School was one that shows to what tender issues and delicate complexity

the intense life of this age carries the thoughtful. Frederick A. Eaton, a young man of precocious development, probably the youngest member of the school, had returned to enter upon his third year of study. He was a youth aglow with ideals, gifted with poetic power, looking hopefully forward. But in a moment when the lines were tangled, the over-sensitive wires crossed somewhere and he took his own life. Those who were at the Tower Hill Summer School will remember his refined face and the questions that sprung from the informed mind and the eye that gleamed with literary and spiritual appreciation. Years ago he came under the ministry of Henry M. Simmons, now of Minneapolis, and his soul was warmed thereby with a desire for the ministry. Rev. W. I. Lawrence, Pastor of the Unitarian Church at Meadville, accompanied the body to the bereaved home of the parents at Lodi, Wis., and his friend and fellow-companion at Tower Hill, Rev. J. W. McCord, pastor of the Universalist Church at Lodi, joined with Mr. Lawrence in the funeral service. Mr. McCord spoke tenderly of the esteem in which the young man was held by his associates, of the high themes that delighted him and the great hopes that centered in him. These Mr. Lawrence sketched in his funeral word.

> Two years ago there appeared among us at Meadville a young man, below the average age of those who gain admission to our theological school. We at once observed that he was neat, exact in speech, of perfect propriety in conduct, one with whom no error or indiscretion of act could be associated. We at once respected him as a young man of far more than usual ability and acquirements; we learned to value him for the deeper qualities of character and heart. For two years he studied, winning honors and respect. A third year he returned. All seemed well; his school hours and studies were pleasing to him, friends seemed unusually kind, his surroundings were in every way agreeable. So was it up to eleven o'clock on September 24th. Five hours later he was dead.

Sad as is the abrupt termination of so promising a career, the life is beautiful to contemplate, and the lives that were touched by it in passing have received an added touch of thoughtfulness, and the world a fresh accent of sanctity. Life has become more hallowed from such an acquaintance. No more fitting words to the memory of the young man we were learning to love can we find than those penned by himself in a poem entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" printed in a local paper in connection with the notice of his death. May the words carry consolation to the bereaved parents, as this brief note expresses the profound sympathy of the friends whom they know not, who at Tower Hill, Meadville, and elsewhere, learned to love and expect much of Frederick Eaton.

> So when Ambition, like a troubled dream,
> Pride like a passing pageant, wealth and power,
> Like the swift meteors flashing through the night,
> Fade into chill oblivion, and there steals
> Over his tired soul that breathless sleep
> Which men name vaguely, with averted gaze
> And awed resolve—if even then his lips,
> Pale as the ashes of extinguished fires,
> Murmur, however faintly, "I have lived
> To love and to be loved!" let no hand write
> The sad word Failure on his brow.

What I Would Do if I Were Twenty Again.—Part V.

I would find my place and importance. With most persons, this is a process of half a life-time, a process of gradual and painful shrinkage. Youth cries, "The world is mine!" Discouraged and abashed middle-age often apologizes, "Excuse me for living."

Now, young man, young woman, what is your title to place and importance? You are only one among a great many million people on this little globe of ours; a great many million people who were all born young, and who will all some day be dead, like the countless millions gone before. And you are certainly just one of them. This sounds dreary? Well, it is dreary for a great many—because they never get into the heart of life at all. And so they think the life of a leaf is just to dance gaily in the air and sunshine while it can, and then fall when it must; and they think the life of a man is to minister to himself while he lives, and then die when he has to. They do not think of how the leaf ministers to the life of the tree that bears it; nor of how man may minister to the life of the great tree of humanity that bears him. The leaf is the tree in miniature—it has, in its veining, the trunk, branches, twigs, leaves again! Amid its countless companions, it works with the tree, for the tree,—so we may say, the strength of the tree is the leaf, and the strength of the leaf is the tree. The leaf that won't keep the law of the tree,—dies, hangs on a while without knowing it is dead, and then a wind sweeps it down to where it belongs, while its mates still weave life out of the air and sunshine for the mother tree.

And the man is the miniature of humanity. He is an offshoot of the race, like the leaf of the tree. If he does n't find his place and his importance by reference to the common humanity, he may put on proud, gay colors of distinction and independence, but it 's like the prematurely colored leaf; it savors of death. He may hang on, not knowing he is dead, any more than the men and women Browning speaks of as

> "Finished and finite clods,
> Untroubled by a spark."

But he is dead by just so much as he detaches himself from the common human life and seeketh his own; and the first storm of life will reveal the fact.

Some people admire an autumn-stricken leaf in June. But does any one admire a self-stricken man or woman? And does any one imagine he can drive a sharp bargain with the universe, and get any more out of life than his just dues? "'What wilt thou have?' quoth God. 'Pay for it and take it.'" If we get seeming place or possession or importance by any selfish means, it is like the brilliant distinc-

tion of the early-dying leaf; we have paid for it with so much out of our life—a sorry bargain indeed!

"Is it not a reflection against Providence," asks Mrs. Barbauld, "that such and such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed enough wealth to buy half a nation?" "By no means," the lady replies. "He made himself a mean, dirty fellow to this very end. He sold his conscience, his honor, his manhood for it. And do you envy him his bargain?"

Do you?

Young people, try to find your place and importance and your deserts, by reference to the whole of which you are a part. What can be your or my prodigious significance regarded separately and as seeking separation? How mean and unworthy it is, anyway! How few who do it but try to cover it up with some fine name or other. And yet we al know young people not yet able to care for themselves, depending upon father and mother, having been brought up in the same nest with brothers and sisters,—of whom that dreadful verse is n't wholly untrue:

> "Of all my father's family,
> I love myself the best;
> If some one will take care of me,
> I 'll bravely risk the rest."

If any young person is selfish and unloving in the home, what hope of him in the world? But how beautiful and noble and how prophetic of future good is youth when it remembers to honor the father and the mother, and to keep the golden rule with the brothers and sisters.

I said a man is an epitome of humanity, and by just so much as he lives in give-and-take relations, he shares all the life and the greatness of humanity. But there is a grander truth than this to be spoken about it. We become thus a part of the moral order and beauty of the universe; we become coworkers with God. We release ourselves from the law of the decaying leaf and the perishing man, and grow ourselves into the undying, because divine, life. And next, and lastly, I want to speak with you about beginning to live the divine life, the immortal life now and here. C. J. B. C.

The American Humane Society.

It was a small company that gathered in the large Watkins Institute Hall at Nashville last week, to transact the business of the Twenty-first Annual Meeting of the Society bearing the above name. The demoralized condition of the cities of the farther South on account of the yellow fever greatly interfered with the Southern end of the program. But the faithful were there, and high and tender notes were struck. The present writer was not permitted to follow the program entire, but he did hear Rev. W. R. Lord, of St. Paul, deliver his searching address on the "Third Commandment," which carried the realm of love a step beyond the two commandments of Jesus, easily implied in the first two by the thinker, but still of sufficient importance to deserve separate enunciation and distinct emphasis. The first commandment, Love the Lord thy God; the second, Love thy neighbor; the third, Love Nature—this brings the soul into fellowship with the lower order of life, into harmony with the beauties of field and forest, the holy sanctities of rock and blossom, bird and beast. Dr. Leffingwell, of Boston, sent an indignant protest against the recent experimentation upon human beings with the yellow fever bacilli. Miss Elizabeth Olney, of Providence, R. I., spoke out of a large experience of interesting the children in humane work through the existing organizations of church and Sunday-school. One of the most interesting papers came from Dr. W. S. Dalrymple, Veterinary Surgeon of the Louisiana State University. His plea for the horse, his vindication, as well as exemplification, of the profession he represented, was most timely and well received. Bishop Macdonald, of the Methodist Church, South, was witty and wise, and Dr. Stephens, Dean of the medical faculty of Vanderbilt University, extemporized rare wisdom in quaint phrases and unique similes, while the editor of this paper gave the preliminary study to a topic which may some day be elaborated for these columns. It was an attempt to discriminate between the law of sacrifice and the law of cruelty, the one reaching through all the realms of organic life, divine, inevitable, and benignant in its larger application; the other, the wanton interference with the laws of life, always unjustifiable and always working mischief.

Indians and Lightning Stroke.

The following rather astonishing "scientific information" is going the rounds of the press:

> INDIANS AND THUNDER.
>
> It is a fact commented upon by many travelers from the earliest times that the American Indian never suffers from the effects of thunder and lightning. No aboriginal American was ever known to be stricken down by a thunderbolt, and, though an habitual dweller in the forests, where riven trees give proof of the violence of electric phenomena, his tepees or wigwams were and are immune.
>
> The latest evidence brought forward in this behalf is to be found in Miss Abby L. Alger's new book, *In Indian Tents*, where the statement of Louis Jackson, a full-blooded Passamaquoddy, and for many years a member of the legislature of the state of Maine, is given: "It is a well-known fact," he says, taking its truth for granted, "that no Indian and no Indian property were ever injured by lightning."

If true this would be interesting and would demand explanation by the meteorologist or anthropologist or both. It is an item which might be hard to refute. While certain of its falsity a person might have to wait a long time for facts to

prove it. It happens however that in this case a well-known writer, Capt. John G. Bourke, supplies a case right to the point. He says, (*Snake-Dance of the Moquis*; p. 277):

A rumor came that one of the Navajoes had been killed by lightning; a rumor discredited at first, but accepted when a messenger came in to tell Garryowen that it was his uncle, and that he must go home to sing over the corpse.

The bit of folk-lore forming the balance of the newspaper clipping may be accurate enough and, if so, is interesting. Such as it is, we give it.

Miss Alger goes a step beyond most of those who have touched upon the subject by telling the reason why, quoting an ancient Penobscot woman as her authority for the legend, which runs to the effect that the thunder is grandfather to all the tribes. Once there were two Indian families living a long distance from each other, but still farther from all others, so that they regarded one another as neighbors. There was a daughter in each family, and the two girls were great friends. On a certain hot afternoon, near the end of May, one of the girls told her mother that she believed she would go to visit her friend. Her mother objected, for the woods were thick, the wild beasts fierce and the possibility of enemies great—and the girl was good to look upon. But she had her way and started. She had not gone very far when she came upon the best-looking young man she had ever seen. He spoke to her with the most beautiful voice, and told her such interesting stories that she forgot what she was about until she came to a great rock that she had never seen before.

Now, when the young man asked to have her step inside his cave, which was in this rock, and rest herself, she found she was really very tired. He begged and she finally said that if he would go first she would follow. So in he went. She was about to go after him, when a glance into the inside of the cave showed her that it was not a young man at all, but a particularly hateful kind of large worm, known as the Wi-will-mecq. She screamed with fright and started to run. But before she had taken a step there was a big peal of thunder and when she woke up she was in a great room with an old, old man.

It turned out that the old man was Grandfather Thunder himself and he had killed the large worm and cut him into small pieces. He has three children. One is spiteful and two are kind. The first burns trees, the others cool the air and help the crops. When there is a low, muttering sound a good way off, that is the grandfather, and the lightning is his wife.

The Indians, following their good grandfather's advice to the maiden, build a fire in his honor every spring, and there sacrifice tobacco to secure his favor for another year, the entire family sitting around in a circle when the weed is thrown to the flame.

Mr. Jackson is the authority for further declaring that as the smoke of the tobacco arises it is not unusual for blue flames to come gently down from heaven and mingle with its fumes. And as long as the Indians continue to make this offering of remembrance, so long will the thunder roll by them and the lightning leave them unscathed.

Naturally, lightning occupies an important position in the folk-lore, myth and religion of our American tribes. A careful collection of the ideas really held regarding it would have value.

FREDERICK STARR.

A novel idea in vacations has been adopted in Boston. The firemen there are allowed annual vacations, and the commissioners have decided to send every horse owned by the department out to country pasture two weeks every year. A new era for horses is coming fast.—*Western Fireman.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Life.

To have hoped and suffered in cheer and woe,
To have trusted, betrayed and grieved,
To have doubted the things you best might know—
This is to have lived.

To have sinned, repented, and been forgiven,
To have lost what was once received,
To have fallen again from the gates of heaven—
This is to have lived.

To have loved, and tasted the Dead Sea fruit,
To have pledged, to have been believed,
To have seen love wither from branch to root—
This is to have lived.

To have stood in the strength of virile might,
When baffled, betrayed, deceived;
To have ground our teeth in the rage of fight—
This is to have lived.

To have trodden the wine-press, weak, alone.
Of your life's fair fruit bereaved;
To have slain your sorrow without a moan—
This is to have lived.

To have given the helm to a stronger hand,
To have listened, to have believed;
To have yielded to a high command—
This is to have lived.

—*David A. Curtis.*

The Jerusalem for the Judaism of To-day.

"We will not go back to Jerusalem, Jerusalem will come to us," said a well-known advocate of Reformed Judaism in this city the other day, in answer to a question about the attitude of the American Jews toward the movement to "create for the Jewish people a legally assured home in Palestine."

"In view of the fact that since the destruction of Jerusalem," continued the distinguished American, "the Jews have never had such a 'legally assured home,' and also in view of the frequent persecutions directed against them, which has resulted in their being, at one time or another, driven out of almost every country in Europe, it is not at all strange that 'Zionism' appeals to so large a number of the Jewish people both in this country and abroad. But upon further consideration it will be seen that a return of the Jews to Palestine can in no sense offer a radical solution of the Jewish question. The promoters of the congress recently held at Basle, in interpreting the scriptures literally, forgot that in Judaism as well as in Christianity, 'the letter killeth.' It is a spiritual Jerusalem that the enlightened Jews throughout the world are concerned about, and not a brick and mortar city of which one can gain possession by paying down so much in cash to the Sultan of Turkey. What the phrase 'The Kingdom of God is within you' means to the followers of Jesus, the word 'Jerusalem' means for the Jews—they both signify a condition of the soul, and not a locality or a place. This spiritual oneness of the soul with Jehovah, its author and savior, is the 'New Jerusalem,' which can neither be bought nor sold by the capitalists, however large may be their money bags. For the Jews as well as for the Christians, 'the Kingdom of God' cometh not by trumpet-blowing, or stock-jobbing, but 'as a thief in the night,' unheralded and unobserved. 'Next year at Jerusalem" really means 'Next year *in* Jerusalem;'

that is to say, it is a prayer offered by the believing Jews, that they may enter into the divine kingdom which is ever knocking at their doors here and everywhere. The Jews might start to-morrow for the Holy Land, and when there they might not be any nearer the true Jerusalem than they are now. Whoever enjoys the society of God has already entered the Holy City. Apart from the element of commercialism in this proposed exodus of the Jews from Europe and America, which is enough to condemn the scheme, the whole thing is so diametrically opposed to the Jewish scriptures that I cannot see how any Jew can consistently support it.

"To be convinced of this, one has only to refer to the prayer which is read in all the synagogues upon the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem. This noble prayer, which is offered by the reader in behalf of the congregation, after describing the present desolation of the Great City, once 'the princess of countries'—how the populous and flourishing capital has become 'a mourning widow;' how the Sanctuary on Mt. Moriah, 'once the abode of the scions of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, is now fallen and humbled in the dust;' how the song of the Levites which once rose 'like incense' to the throne of God is now silent, and how Israel, 'stricken and stung to death has become a wanderer and a stranger in every land,' proceeds to describe in a more hopeful strain the 'New Jerusalem' which must rise in place of the one destroyed by the unbelievers. 'The one temple in Jerusalem sank in order that countless temples might arise to Thy honor and glory all over the wide surface of the globe. The Sanctuary itself, Thy imperishable testimony, remained intact, freed from an enclosure of walls which had become prison walls.'"

The concluding words of this prayer are still more to the point in question, as they leave no room for doubt that what the devout Jews are looking for is not a material, but a spiritual Jerusalem, to enter upon which no one need go to Palestine. "And thus may be fulfilled Thy promise of a New Jerusalem . . . not built by the hands of men, but which Thy own hand had erected, and surrounded by Thee as by a wall of fire." Such are the words with which the prayer upon the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem closes. Can any one imagine that the authors of this prayer, when they spoke of the "New Jerusalem," had in mind any such scheme as the one launched by Dr. Herzl and Max Nordau?

There are, moreover, very few Jews, either in America or in Europe, who would care to be identified with an "independent" Jewish state in Palestine. I am aware that the advocates of a "legally assured home for the Jews" lay great stress upon the advantages to the Jews of such an acquisition. It is claimed that, with the Jews cemented into a nation, the prevailing prejudice against them from which they still suffer will pass away. But I am unable to see how an independent Jewish state in Palestine could help to overcome the feeling of anti-Semitism in Russia, for instance. Would the new state, when once organized and recognized, proceed to wage war against the Russians with a view of compelling the government of the Czar to suppress anti-Semitism in its domains? Would not such a policy involve the Jews in an endless war, not only with the Russians, but with every country in which the Jews are still subjected to much suffering by unjust laws against them? In my opinion, if the Jews have succeeded in any little measure in commanding the respect of their neighbors in a country like Russia, the fact is due to their character, and not to their ability to fight their persecutors.

But, on the other hand, there are those who tell us that the Jews ought to cherish national aspirations; that they ought to have a country which they can call their own, a home from which they can never be driven out; that they ought to create a civilization bearing the imprint of their genius, and a fatherland for which the Jew would be as glad to shed his blood as the Saxon or the Slav is for his.

But these enthusiasts forget that the day of wars and nations is over. Humanity is the word of the century, and Israel is its apostle. Our mission is one of peace and brotherhood. It is not so much from necessity as it is by instinct that the Jews follow commerce and the arts almost exclusively. The Jew makes a poor soldier, because he is a good toiler.

The Christians make a mistake when they speak of the Jews as belonging to a race separate and distinct from the one to which they themselves belong. This is at the root of much of the prejudice against the Jews. Now, as a matter of fact, the Jew differs from his neighbors in any country of the world, not by his race, but by his religion, which is no more true of the Jew than it is of the Catholic. There is no Jewish race, there is only a Jewish religion, and surely no one would say that the Jews ought to live apart from the rest of the world because of their religion. Should the programme of the Zionists be ever carried out, it will, instead of helping the Jews, isolate them more than ever from the great human family of which they are among the oldest members.

M. M. MANGASARIAN.

Correspondence.

The People's Church, Spring Valley, Minn.

Spring Valley, Minn., is a town of near two thousand inhabitants, industrious and intelligent. It has good schools, no saloons, and the usual quota of churches—Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, and United Brethren being represented. Aware of the difficulties to be met with by an independent church even in a large city, the stranger is somewhat surprised to find here a strong people's church, or, to be more correct, a miniature institutional church, open seven days of the week. Besides the church proper there is the Sunday-school, Young Peoples' Society, Juniors' Society, Cottage Club, Kindergarten, Shakespearean Club, and three Ladies' Aid societies, and all are kept busy, the busiest being their go-ahead pastor, Rev. P. M. Harmon, leader of the new movement. In this experiment, as in all social and religious experiments, the poet's dictum is true, that

> It takes a soul
> To move a body; it takes a high-souled man
> To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty.

The leader of an Independent or a Peoples' church, whatever else he may be, must not be a weakling. He must be self-reliant; he must have what many of us have not—*backbone*, physical and moral. With such a leader, other things equal, success is sure. Spring Valley is fortunate in having

such a man as Mr. Harmon for a leader. He has brains, a heart, and an abundance of energy. Unable to realize his ideal of a church in either the Methodist or Congregational fold—he has served in both—he has ventured forth into this new field of practical, everyday religion. Whether this venture will result in success or failure remains to be seen. One thing, however, has been done, for which many are thankful: another new path has been broken, and humanity is always grateful toward those who, forgetting the things that are behind, press on toward the future. Better try and fail than not try at all. Better go to eternal smash doing something than go to everlasting peace doing nothing. Better venture out on the deep sea of experimentalism than stagnate in a theological mud-puddle.

The Spring Valley movement will be watched with interest by the other churches of the town as well as those living at a distance. Its success may warrant a movement being made in Austin, Albert Lea, Rochester, and other Minnesota points. That such movements are needed none but the prejudiced of any community will deny. People nowadays are asking for a religion that can be seen as well as felt; seen, as has been well expressed, "in the voter's ballot, the workman's hammer, the merchant's yard-stick, the grocer's scale, the lawyer's brief, the physician's visit, the preacher's life, the laborer's wages"—in short in every transaction between men. When such a religion is lived the world will not be far from the kingdom.

. . . .

There are now twenty-one readers of NEW UNITY, instead of the two that were, previous to the visit of the undersigned in Spring Valley. Through this medium they will learn what is going on outside of their own valley. It helps a church or society to know that it is not alone, and that others are working along exactly the same lines. A paper that will introduce strangers to each other who are living far apart is much needed. May not THE NEW UNITY be made to do this? We believe it can. Through it the members of the liberal churches—Independent, Peoples', and all churches, of whatever name, who aspire to be free—may be brought to know each other, and so work together for the common good. A bundle of rods, we have learned from the old fable, is always stronger than a single rod. Organized superstition, we have found, has accomplished much in the past. What may not organized common sense do in the future?

Spring Valley has promised to inform NEW UNITY now and then of the work it is trying to do. Are there not others who will do likewise? Let us have your help. We need yours; you need ours.

GEO. N. FALCONER.

October.

When apples hang on the orchard-tree
And leaves forsake their summer's green;
The wood-thrush sings to-whit, to-whee,
For the tender glow of autumn's sheen.
The cricket drags her roundelay,
As John, the farmer, turns the turf;
"All sleep," sings he; "for many a day
Must pass before you visit earth."

When corn is stacked on the prairie land,
To shiver whenever the West winds blow,
As sentries through the winter stand,
And watch the snow-flakes come and go.
Then "Dad" comes home with reddened face,
Much hardened by his life-long wear;
"All rest," sings he; "'t is time and place
To toil again the coming year."

JOSEPH LEISER.

The Sunday School.

The Religions of the World.

SATURDAY EVENING TALKS BY THE PASTOR OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, CHICAGO, REPORTED BY E. H. W.

III. THE SANCTITIES OF THINGS.

Nothing is more common than the implication that there is a great mass of humanity that knows no better than to worship "wood and stones." There is a chapter in Doctor Brinton's book, "The Religion of Primitive Peoples," which clearly shows the error of this position. In view of the abundant facts presented there and elsewhere, it is safe to say that there has never been a people that worshiped stick or tree, or even star. Not the thing itself, but the potency within it or back of it, kindled the imagination and moved the reverence of primitive as of civilized man. Your child loves her doll — not the sheepskin and sawdust, but the personality which her quick fancy creates. So in all thing-worship, from the fetish of the lowest African up through the cross to church or bible, there is a continuous transcendental X that lifts the object worshiped into the realms of divinity. Explain the holiness of St. Peter's, and you have explained the lucky stone. Explain the lucky stone, and you have begun the explanation of St. Peter's. A traveler in South America writes of a negro who offered food to a sacred tree. The traveler said, "Why do you do so? The tree cannot eat." "No," replied the negro, "not the tree, but the spirit that lives in the tree."

We will now consider some of the things which have in all ages challenged the reverence of primitive man. We will, for convenience, follow the order used by Brinton, but we must remember that there is no particular virtue in this or any other order, for the thought of civilized man is scarcely reducible to system, much less is that of the barbarian.

1. Celestial bodies. The sun, moon and stars. They were very early regarded as residences of divine forces. A special power emanated from the sun. Probably the moon has had a still higher religious and emotional value, since night more readily than day lends itself to the mysterious. The question, how time first came to be divided into weeks and whence came the sanctity of the number seven, are problems which have not yet been answered. Of course, if you accept the Genesis myth, you will say it was the way the Almighty worked. The time-measurer of primitive man was the moon. The moon makes its circle in twenty-eight days. Quarter the moon's round, and you have the sacred seven. So the very days of our week and months of our year carry with them the sacredness of sun and moon. There are plenty of people who still believe in astrology and think the stars have something to do with yellow fever, wars, floods and financial panics, for man is slow to analyze causes and throw out the incidental elements.

2. The second group of sanctities gather around the "four elements," as they were formerly called, fire, air, earth and water,—a classification utterly worthless. But to early man fire was a tremendous revelation. Its crackling was to him the voice of the gods. The four winds came from the four corners of the world, and they too represented a potency which called for admiration and reverence.

3. The next class of sanctities attaches itself to stones and rocks. It is the great aim of the Mohammedan to make pilgrimage once in his life to Mecca and kiss the black stone of the Kaaba, that he may thereby win a more exalted stature in the world to come.

4. Trees and plants. Lowell's poem "Rhœcus," based on one written by Walter Savage Landor, is a fine phrasing of tree-sanctities. When the Mandan Indians cut down a tree, they swathed it in bandages that its pain might be relieved. The totem pole is a survival of tree-worship, and perhaps our liberty pole has a similar origin. From trees we have the beautiful symbolism of the tree of life and the Norse tree Ygdrasil, which supported the universe, whose boughs were in the heavens and whose roots were in the earth.

5. The sanctities of places, the abrupt chasms, the gorges where the echoes live. Such proper names as Devil's Lake, Devil's Glen and kindred terms are borrowed from the Indian's thought of an indwelling god. The original Indian word meant spirit, not devil. The white man has profaned it, for he thought any spirit not Christian must be a devil.

6. The lower animals — the peculiar sacredness of birds, snakes, lizards.

7. The sacredness that sometimes attaches to man. But man never worships his own kind. It is always man with a plus. That is why Christians have been so anxious to make Jesus more than human. The old Greek and Roman heroes had always at least one divine parent to prove the god element. It was the province of Greek art to carry up the human form into supernatural beauty. The Apollo Belvedere is a little out of proportion with the human body. This ideal passed down to the painters of the Middle Ages, and Raphael and his successors tried to find and paint something in the mother face that Nature could not put there.

If all this is true, how impossible it is to divide the experiences of men into two classes, one false and the other true. All religions have some truth and some error. We are not so far away from the Mandans as we think we are, or, put it the other way, the Mandans are not so far from us as they seem to be.

The question was asked if other religions than Christianity apply their principles to life. The leader said Christianity has fought some good things for eighteen hundred years. We would not wish to underestimate, much less antagonize Christianity, but let us have fair play. Sir William Jones, Rhys Davids, and even Sir Monier Williams, have found enough in the literature and religions of the Orient to spend a lifetime over. It is the hardest thing in the world to be just, to paint things in true perspective. Let us try to be wise enough to get all the good we can from all religions and just enough to give credit where credit belongs.

To fulfill the law of womanhood one need not be a mother, but only to be motherly; one need not be a wife, but only to be loyal to the unselfish principle of wifehood.—*Exchange.*

Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below;
But little acts of kindliness,
Which any child may show.

Faithful Failure.

Far o'er the course with steady stride to run,
The goal to reach, to win the prize,
With deathless laurel crowned mid loud applause
Is victory.—But there are other victories.

He triumphs too who 'gainst great odds
Keeps ever on undaunted by defeat.
The struggle counts, the high endeavor,
The long endurance, the faithfulness
All count. The rest is largely accident.

What effort it has cost our heart doth know.
Unheralded the lonely way we go,
Still glad and strong because we did our best,
Trusting the future to decide the rest.

OTIS ORMSBY

Nearly three months ago a century plant in the greenhouse of J. Condon, near Greenwood cemetery, sent forth a flower shoot. The plant, with many others of its kind which Mr. Condon had received from Mexico, had been lying untended in a corner of the greenhouse, and when one of the employees told the proprietor that it was behaving in an unusual manner Mr. Condon supposed at first that it was merely developing a new leaf shoot. After three days, during which time the pale green point had ascended one foot he changed his mind, and had the century plant moved out into a sunny spot. It was carefully tended and watched, for the blossoming of one of these plants is so rare in this climate that the occasions on which it has happened in this state within fifteen years can be counted on one's fingers.

Now the plant is in full bloom. It has reached the height of twenty-five feet, and fifteen feet up the first branch appears. There are twelve other branches above this. Each branch is decorated with corn-colored flowers, hanging in clusters like the familiar begonia rubra. These flowers are more curious than beautiful, their pale hue unfitting them for an ornamental flower. For a month the flowers remain; then they fall, and where they alight hundreds of little century plants will spring up. With the falling of the flowers and the consequent propagation of the species, the plant, which has lived perhaps seventy or eighty years to this end and purpose, dies. First, its leaves swell enormously, then they wither away, and almost before tiny centenarians have probed their green crests above the earth all that remains of the mother plant is the round spike-like stem, hardened to a stony consistency.—*The New York World.*

Being alive, what then ?
Shall I give thanks for th' gift,
Seeing the good of life,
Lifting my thoughts so high
That sin, not suffering, seems
All that is wrong with earth?
Or shall I say 't is ill,
And ask why I should give
Thanks for the bitter pain
And struggle of it all?
Better the manlier way,
Better the upward look.
Happier the soul that hopes,
Till, all the conflict o'er,
Life is fulfilled in hope.

MARGARET.

The Nashville Congress.

OPENING SERMON BY DR. HIRAM W. THOMAS.

WELCOME BY HERMANN JUSTI OF THE EXPOSITION MANAGEMENT AND RESPONSE BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

After music by the Centennial Band and a prayer by the Rev. Mr. M. Newfield of Birmingham, Ala., the Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D.D., of Chicago, President of the Congress, gave the opening sermon in which he spoke enthusiastically as follows:

The Partial and the Perfect.

I came not to destroy, but to fulfil. Matt. v:17.

When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. 1 Cor. xiii;10.

Nature is a progressive order, a vast process of continuous and higher being. Chaos means Cosmos; Cosmos means man; but between these the time is long, the changes are many. The process is constructive, not destructive; the lower prepares the way for and makes possible the higher; the partial gives place to the perfect.

In this amazing plan, this divine order and ordering of things, the cosmological precedes the ontological; world, before being; but all is teleological, purposeful; moves forward to a great and far-off end. The age-long periods of world formation were progressive; the azoic, the lifeless, prepared the way for the paleozoic, the first or ancient forms of life. Evolution and environment moved along together. The mighty forces, rain and snow, heat and cold, glacial grinding, chemical and vital affinities wrought together to prepare a home for the nobler being yet to come.

Man came last, because in the order of things he could not come first; but his coming was not a departure from that order; not a something miraculous, but its natural fulfillment.

From the first, chaos meant cosmos; cosmos meant man; cosmology meant ontology. And it meant this, and moved on to this, because being was before world. "In the beginning God." "In the beginning was the Word," the Logos, the reason, the plan of things; the reason, the word, became flesh. The universe is the objectivized expression of God. In man, the creation has come to self-consciousness; a being has risen up who knows himself, and knows God. Man is in the image of God; not materially, quantitatively, but qualitatively. Reason, justice, love, as qualities, are the same in kind, in God and man; differing only in degree.

The universe at centre, source, is mind, spirit, reason, justice, love; these are expressed, pushed out, objectivized in worlds, suns, systems; in the forms, forces, laws, of the material order. Within, related to, but rising higher, is the rational and moral order of the true and the good. Man is a microcosm; a little world; a microcosm in a macrocosm; a little world in a large world. He is related to both matter and spirit; his body is composed of the same substances that go to make up the earth and the far-off stars, and is conditioned in the same laws. On his mind or spiritual side, in his essential being, man is mind, spirit, is related to, is a part of, and conditioned in, the laws of the rational and spiritual. He is the child of God; at center is divine, may in his measure think the thoughts and live the life of God.

The existence of God is not a debatable question. It is a question of definition; of what is meant by the idea of God. Is God immanent or transcendent? in the world, in nature, or outside of it? The fact of a rational order is not questioned, for man has interpreted the geometry of God in the order of the heavens; and the fact of a moral order is just as evident, for man finds that order within himself, and finds its correlatives in the universal order of the good. God is revealed to and in the rational and moral consciousness of a world.

This wonderful being, who unites in himself the lower and the higher; this being in whom the creation has come to self-consciousness; this being who came last, because he could not come first, was, from the first, the objective point, the end, to which the creation moved all the way from chaos to cosmos. The life that became man was rocked in the cradle of life all the way from protoplasm, amœba, moneron, mollusk, up to man. Nor was the body alone evolved from the lower; mind and heart, reason and love were carried forward and up from the instinct and incipient reason, and the paternal and maternal affections and other-caring of the animal world, to the rational and moral self-consciousness of man.

A being had come in whom the type of the physical had reached the perfect; he had come over the ever-ascending way of life; many forms of the partial had dropped out, and had been left behind in the long journey.

When the perfect in type had been attained, physical evolution could go no further, and hence ceased. But this being who stood erect with feet upon the earth and face to the sky, had come to visions of the higher-world order of the true and the good.

He faced the Infinite; he had thoughts of God, of right, of duty and responsibility, and of the life immortal.

And here opens the world-scene of history; of what man has been and done; the scene of labor, of struggle for existence; the scene of government and religion, in which the subjective life of thought and emotions were objectivized in institutional forms. It is man realizing, actualizing himself in thought and deed. As a condition of all this self-becoming and doing, the order of nature has remained constant and true; just below man the instinctive animal world has lived by his side; an example, lesson, of industry, cleanliness, beauty, temperance, and purity. But man was trusted both with volitional or self-determining powers to be self-governing, to live by reason and conscience.

We must suppose that the end, the perfect, that to which the creation moves, was not only potentially present in the beginning, but was actually present in the reason or plan, and hence we should be more tolerant of the partial; should look more hopefully upon the seemingly imperfect. We should look upon the creation, not as finished, but in a process of becoming. We should not think of anything, of storms, droughts, pestilence, of the most offensive and repulsive forms of life, nor of the lowest and worst human beings as wholly ungood. We should not think of evil as an entity, a something

that has existence, being, in itself, but as an incident in the evolution of the good. We should think of God, not only as good, but as the best, and in the universe of such a God there can be nothing wholly evil, ungood.

From such a standpoint the past, with all its imperfections, its errors, its sins, should not be despised. We may, we must condemn the known intentional wrongs of that past; but not without pity for those who were so low in the scale of being. From such a standpoint we should look out with a great and deep sympathy for the toiling millions of the present. There are many wrongs that we must deplore; many deeds that should be denounced; but not without compassion for the doers that their vision is so narrow, their natures so perverted, their prejudices so great.

There was one who, when not the Jews, but the Romans, were taking his life, prayed: "Father forgive them; they know not what they do;" and again it is said, "Had the rulers of this world known, they would not have put to death the Lord of Glory." And we should always remember when thinking of this world that it is God's world; that the weakest, the lowest, the worst are his children and our brothers. And we should reflect that out of every evil God is bringing forth some good; and that the mistakes, errors of thought, are errors about a something that holds a truth, and instead of condemning the opinions of others as wholly false, wrong, and saying, "Come from your errors to my truth," should say, "Come from a lower to a higher truth," come from the partial to the perfect.

Man is poor in instinctive power; knows and can do almost nothing without teaching, learning; but man is wonderfully rich in capacity, in power to learn and do. Having an improvable mind, and with this, the power to conserve knowledge, and to organize learning, industry, government and religion, our world has gone forward. But the far-off beginnings were low down; and the whole history of thinking and doing has been and is now a process of becoming; an effort to fulfill that which has been begun; to move forward from the partial to the perfect.

And this has been necessarily so, because mind itself is a growth; man says of himself and his world: "Not what I was, but what I am;" When I was a child I thought, spoke, understood as a child, but as a man, "I put away childish things."

Nations, peoples, civilizations, governments and religions have a childhood; the world has had its childhood; and those who look on the long past and try to estimate world-growth, tell us that as a race we are hardly beyond our boyhood; are only about eighteen years old. In another ten or twenty thousand years we may, as a world, reach the strength and calmness of a man of forty.

Man began in the woods and canes; fought with clubs and stones; wandered in tribes; then by degrees formed local habitations, built little huts of wood and stone; and from these he has gone forward to cities and states and nations. From signs and pictures he has constructed a language, a history, a literature; from the crooked stick he has moved on to the plow; from the canoe to the great steamer; from bow and arrow to repeating rifles; from stage-coach to steam cars; from postal rider to telegraph. In government he has risen from despotism to constitutional monarchies, and from these to democracies; alchemy has become chemistry; astrology has become astronomy. In a hundred years, from a wilderness, beautiful Tennessee has become a great state, and between these oceans has risen a mighty nation.

We can hardly realize how many and marvelous have been the changes; the last four hundred years have accomplished more than all the ages before. It is man in his world; it is an improvable mind; a growing rational and moral consciousness finding its place and power in the progressive order of a universe. It is the continuous fulfilling, unfolding and becoming of the plan of God, in which the partial is ever giving place to the perfect.

The weary children of earth often long for rest; they wonder why this must be a scene of ceaseless toil, of continuous change, leaving the old and running forward to the new. But if we look back on the long past it would be difficult to point to any period and say we could wish at that point the wheels of progress had stood still; for we know there was a higher and better just beyond. And somehow God gives visions of that better, and urges his children on; and hence, while man has to live in the actual, he longs for the ideal; and hope, blessed hope, runs forward to light the way.

As we turn over the pages of the past; not in Egypt, not in Greece or Rome; not in the dark or mediæval ages; not with the revival of learning; the Reformation; not with the inventions and discoveries; not with the 16th century; not with the 17th or the 18th, should the progress of a world have ceased. But at great cost came all these changes for the better; through fields of blood walked the feet of the past, to make possible the liberties of the present.

Nor have these last great years of the 19th century brought our world to a completed task. The unfinished work of the past has come to us in larger forms, and rises up with fairer promise; but in many things it is still but partial, and waits to be carried on and up to the perfect.

Liberty has gone forward, the rule of the one to the rule of the many; from the rights of the king to the rights of the people; from despotism to democracy; but democracy even in our own country is far from perfect. Representative government awaits the referendum; the powers will yet be largely taken from city councils and legislatures and placed in the hands of the people. The age of machinery has revolutionized all industries; we have to find more perfect adaptation to our changed environments; the rights of the people must not be sacrificed to plutocracies and trusts. We are in the midst of a mighty social evolution, revolution, that cannot stop short of universal justice, and that can find a peaceful solution only in the reinforcements of righteousness and the brotherhood of man.

It would be pitiful, unworthy of man and God, if all the toil of the past could come to nothing more perfect than the turmoil of the present. The people of Illinois are not ready to believe that its last legislature was the best that can ever be; and by the next Centennial we may have a govenor who will not be afraid to go to Tennessee.

In the education of mankind our age and our country have gone forward; but we are yet far from the perfect. It is only in recent years that the

common schools have been open to all, and that colleges and the professions are open to women, and we have to go forward in adapting education to new conditions and needs. The pressing questions of sociology, labor and capital, criminology, temperance, have all to be re-studied in the light of larger knowledge. It should be a shame for any state to let its neglected children grow up in ignorance, and a larger intelligence should come into all forms of labor and business. Our age asks that this be an educated world, and that education look to the development of the whole being, to a higher and nobler life for all.

And all this leads, must lead, to the thought of religion. It would not be possible to write a history of the world, or a philosophy, and leave out the fact of religion, and for the reason that man is a religious being. Religion was not created, invented; it was born—born out of the deepest nature and needs of a world. You may destroy every Bible, burn every church, banish every preacher, and leave man as he is; rock his cradle there, and yonder in the tall grass place his grave; and in the great hours of life, when "deep answereth to deep," the soul will cry out to the Infinite; man will pray; mountains, rivers, and brooks will become sacred, temples will rise, and religion will come to bless the cradles, the marriage-altars, and tombs of a world, and to point the way to the unseen shores.

But religion, like everything else, has been a growth, has grown with the growing, rational, and moral consciousness of the ages. From the worship of a fetish, a stone, a star, from the worship of life, of living things, on to the apotheosis of the dead; from pantheism to monotheism; from altars of blood to altars of love and duty; the objectivized forms of thought and worship have been the expressions of the thoughts, the emotions, the life within. Religion has been a part of each civilization; has journeyed with it, shared its fortunes; has shaped and been shaped by its surroundings.

In everything else this law and fact of growth, of evolution, is gladly recognized; in all other fields new truths are welcomed. Science, classified knowledge, seeks to enlarge the realm of the known, and rests not this side of the bounds of the knowable. When new facts arise they must find a place in the known order; and if there is no place for them, then, instead of covering up or denying the facts, the order itself must be re-studied, and if not before fully understood, must be re-stated. Theories must give place to facts, and not facts to theories. It is not a question of the old or the new, not a question of majority of votes, or of what was once thought to be true, but of what is true; and truth must be its own authority. No one now thinks of accepting or rejecting a book on chemistry, or natural philosophy, or astronomy, because it is old or new, for all understand that the elements and forces of nature are not in books, but in things, in the world beyond the books; hence, the only question is, Does the book give the facts as they are in the world of things? And no one fears that faith will fail, for all know that there is the enduring world of the real.

And why should not and ought not this be so in religion? Why should we be afraid to trust the great truths of religion to the growing consciousness of a world? Why should the doctrines of religion need rest on some other authority than that of reason and right? Why has it been thought necessary to imprison, to torture and burn men and women to make them believe the truths of religion? Why are those who love the truth and appeal to the facts of a world rather than to theories and creeds of hundreds of years ago, denounced as heretics?

The systems of religious thought that so many can no longer accept as true were formulated before the larger knowledge of the present had arrived. Calvin's Institutes were finished before the first book of Copernicus was published. Luther denounced Copernicus as an upstart, an astrologer, "the fool who would reverse the entire system of astronomy." But Scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. But Luther and Joshua could not stop the new astronomy by putting a book before it; nor could the burning of Bruno thirty years after the death of Calvin stop it. Theories and theologians could not stand against the facts of a universe. Since then, geology has told the story of rocks and fossils; evolution has revealed the method of creation; higher criticism has placed the books of the Bible in clearer light.

The teachers of religion should take account of these things; the old theories founded upon fragmentary, broken and unrelated facts, and these not understood—some of them not facts—should be reconstructed in the light of the larger knowledge of the present. It is no longer possible to believe that the world was made in six days; that the race began with the Adam of six thousand years ago; the story of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man cannot be accepted as fact; and with this goes the doctrine of original sin, on which have rested the theories of atonement. The foundations have gone from under these old theories; and to ask all thoughtful minds and reverent souls to build upon them a religion, is to ask the impossible.

But have the foundations of religion gone? Not at all; nor will they while the soul and God remain. The real foundations of religion are stronger; are deepened and enlarged in the light of the new truth. Religion is finding its great place in the order of a world; faith is coming to rest upon that order, and not upon its supposed infractions; the miraculous is coming to be seen as the higher, the natural, and not as the unnatural. God is seen and felt in the reason and conscience of man, and in the rational and moral order of a universe; the roots of religion are cosmic; the foundations of righteousness are eternal. "God is love."

God is as good as the Christ; was revealed in the Christ, as he was revealed before and is now, in the rational and moral consciousness of man; the incarnation was not an exceptional something, it is the continuous order, — God in nature, God in man. Religion is the life of God in man; to be a Christian is to be like the Christ; to love and suffer as he loved and suffered; it is to love man and God. That is Judaism as well as Christianity; it is the universal in religion, and this great law of life and love is yet to make religion one, and to make the millions of earth's scattered and warring children one in the great brotherhood of man; one in the love and life of righteousness; one in the blessed hope that shall rise up above dark despair, and run on to the bright forever.

And this is "not to destroy but to fulfil"; it is going on from the partial to the perfect; leaving the old errors and mistakes for the larger truths of man and God, of love and hope. And this is the spirit, the mission, of the Liberal Congress of Religion; it welcomes all, and gladly works with all for the universal truth, righteousness, love. And this, O brothers of the beautiful South-land, where was rocked my own cradle, is the spirit in which we have come to you; not to destroy but to help fulfill; to think and work with you for the kingdom of God on earth. With you we love the memories and traditions of the past; with you we would walk with reverent feet the paths our fathers trod; with you we would welcome the light and inspirations of the present, and run forward to the perfect.

Address of Welcome, by Hermann Justi, Esq., of Exposition Management.

Mr. President, Members of the Liberal Congress of Religions, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the name of Tennessee, in the name of Nashville, and in behalf of the management of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, I extend to you a sincere welcome to our state, city, and exposition. In our new White City, which, by the way, is the youngest municipality in the land, with the smallest resident population and one of the largest transient populations in the world, not to mention its great beauty, the spirit of the American constitution happily prevails. No man is proscribed because of his faith, nor ostracised because of his political views. Religious liberty, political freedom, and especially freedom of speech, have been here guaranteed without threat or written promise. The republican and the democrat, the silverite and the goldbug, the Christian and the Jew, the Catholic and the Protestant, the Theosophist, and Spiritualist, the northern statesman and the southern statesman, the ex-confederate veteran and the ex-federal soldier, the white man and the black man, the woman suffragist and the angel of the fireside, the Irish-American and the German-American, the several states, as well as many cities, of the Union, and some of its territories, have all had their day and their say at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, and that, too, let it always be remembered to our credit, without hindrance or protest. The management has wisely concerned itself with the material and artistic success of the exposition, and in protecting the property and lives under its care. A city of surpassing beauty and a happy, contented, law-abiding community is the result. Possibly without knowing the lines or their source, those men who have created and governed this city have nevertheless recognized the wisdom of Whittier's words:

> He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
> The mystery of another's breast.

They have welcomed all who have seen fit to thus participate in our great centennial, with no bounds or restrictions to their hospitality because of race, party, or creed. And in welcoming the Liberal Congress of Religion, I feel that it is not too broad an assumption to say for its members that they are animated by the spirit which pervades Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," the essence of which is so beautifully expressed in these words:

> Heaven bless us! What makes me to you a Christian
> Makes you to me a Jew.

Conscience is your guide, I know, as it is mine, and so if we do not agree on all essential points, I can feel that you unconsciously believe what I believe, and have in view the same end. Tolerance is the one thing demanded in this free country, and in this age of conflict and growth. Patience and kindness will do more in a day to make men better and to build up their faith in God than intolerance and harsh, bitter criticism can accomplish in a lifetime. That man who would proscribe another because of his religious or political belief tramples under foot God's law and defies the constitution of the United States. Every brave man, every patriot, every believer in the virtue of our free institutions, must share, I know, Tom Moore's contempt for proscriptionists and bigots:

> Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
> In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
> Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
> If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
> From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
> To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
> No; perish the hearts and the laws that try
> Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this.

He has a poor opinion indeed of the faith that is in him who cannot listen with patience to the views that seem, or are, opposed to his own. What you, gentlemen of the Liberal Congress of Religion, may think, or what you may say, even if opposed to or aimed at the cardinal principles of the Christian religion, need not shake any man's faith, if it be well grounded, and if it be not well grounded, then the sooner its foundations are repaired, the better. "A little philosophy," said Bacon, "may draw one away from religion, but a great deal of philosophy will bring him back again." There is now, as there will ever be, a conflict of ideas and opinions, but it need not be other than a friendly conflict unless the religious teachings of past centuries have been of no avail, and the Christian rule of speech is quite forgotten. We believe it is well that you are here, and that you sincerely desire both to impart knowledge and to receive it, not alone knowledge about the kingdom of the world to come, but a knowledge of all those things that are to strengthen the foundations of our government, and bring our people into closer and happier union; and as our race grows better and more tolerant, we shall establish a brotherhood indeed, in which each shall help the other "to climb the mountain peaks of life, so that in death we may be nearer Heaven."

Response of Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Mr. Hermann Justi, citizens of the beautiful city of Nashville, the happy state of Tennessee, and the sunny South:

In the name of the Liberal Congress of Religion, the lovers of light and liberty, the seekers after truth and righteousness everywhere, I thank you for this cordial welcome. It is well that for a moment we should hold in mind the distinction between guest and host, visitor and resident, that thereby we may better realize how gracious is the occasion that brings us together, how rare is this opportunity of greeting and how high is the plane of our fellowship.

But only for a moment let this distinction be kept in mind. Soon let us sink beneath the lines

of geography, politics, creeds and race, and settle into the profound consciousness that we are here as brothers and sisters in the great family of man, little children in the household of our Father, fellow-seekers after light, fellow-workers for the right, fellow-worshipers at that universal shrine whereon brood the eternal sanctities that are revealed through Knowledge, Justice, Love and Reverence.

Friends, thirty-four years ago I was a member of another delegation that visited the city of Nashville. I was then, as now, a citizen in a White City that gleamed in the moonlight on these very hills, and then, as now, the citizens of Tennessee and the sunny South turned out to greet that delegation. The greeting was noisy, demonstrative, enthusiastic; and the response then, as now, threatened to lodge in the throat and did cause the knees to tremble of at least one person receiving it. There are others of you who remember that congress of 1864, under the joint management of General Thomas and General Hood. Looking at that congress through the perspective of thirty-four years, listening to the reports thereof across the chasm of a generation of human lives, we now know that the discord and terrors, the opposition and fearful carnage were fused into a harmony by the common earnestness that animated both guest and host at that time. Now we know that both wrought mightily for manhood and progress, because both invested their all in the bank of sincerity. Both were inspired by the divine fervor which leads men to die for what they deem right, both made along lines they knew not of for peace, progress, and prosperity. Through the smoke of battle we grope our way to the great unities of life and the permanent harmonies upon which rests this great nation, and which these colors of the American flag symbolize to-day.

Now, as then, the superficial observer may interpret our coming as a resumption of hostilities. There are those who may welcome us now as then with the shrapnel, shell, and red-hot solid shot thrown out of theological cannon, aimed and fired by dogmatic hands. We recognize even in that greeting and that opposition the iron glove which encloses the warm hand of love, for the earnestness of the opposition, the sincerity of the dissent, are the redeeming graces that make of them our best friends and most valiant helpers.

Friends, we come here in the interest not of doctrine or of dogma; we come not to provoke disputations or to disturb the helpful relations which any soul may have established between himself and his fellows or himself and his God. We do come here to move the previous question of character, toward which all creeds must contribute; of conduct, which is the test of all doctrines. We are here to reconcile science, which discovers the will of God in nature, to religion, which is the search for the will of God in human nature. We are here to join culture and religion in the bonds of holy matrimony.

Literature and art must go hnnd in hand with piety, else both are defeated and fail. We are here to demonstrate the fact that Christian, Jew, and pagan may come together in the house of the Lord and sit down at the common table of the Most High, when they leave behind them the superficial things that divide and bring with them only the fundamental things that unite. We come here to help along the day when politics and religion shall recognize each other as twin sisters and co-workers. We want to make a free church and a holy state. In this work Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, and heretic can join. They have a common investment.

Believing, then, in these creed unities, rejoicing in all the things that tend to combine the races of men, that knit together human souls into a common web of conscious life, it is no wonder that out of the deep places of our hearts we thank you for this cordial welcome.

Citizens of Nashville, some of us owe you something for courtesies received long ago. I myself have carried in my heart a grateful sense of debt for several cedar rails which were a great comfort to me thirty-four years ago. Let me confess I had to borrow without the consent of the owner, but I would not have taken the cedar rails if your cordwood had not run out. Now we come to pay our debt of love in love. I hope that the words uttered here will be as kindling as the rails; that they will give forth warmth as genial, and that they will fill the air with a fragrance as sweet. Blessings on the White City of 1897 that now settles in glory on the old camp grounds of 1864! Blessings on this city resplendent in its electric light which shines with the glory of heaven on heights which thirty-five years ago were terrible with the glare of musketry and roar of cannon, awful and sulphurous with the terrors of hell itself.

These terrors are gone, never under God to return again. These glories are here now, under God forever to remain in the quickened minds, purified affections, sanctified lives that will spring from this double exhibit of the high products of the human hand and the human mind, the product of brain and the product of brawn, the achievements of the shop and the laboratory alongside of the achievements of the study and the library. May this double exhibit grow, and in another hundred years from now, when Tennessee celebrates its second centennial with a greater exposition, the world will find itself a long way nearer that triumph which is surely coming,

> When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
> In the Parliament of men, the federation of the world,
> When the common sense of most will hold a fretful realm in awe,
> And the kindly earth will slumber, lapt in universal law."

Do your utmost to revive the regenerating powers that are within you, and put them to the task of making the material and moral world what it should be. You ridicule the idea of a divine providence; but somebody must provide; be a providence yourself in your own place, and after your own fashion; a human providence, watchful, careful, helpful, kind; show humanity that man has the capacity in himself for supplying his own necessities; logic compels you to look up, not down, to rank yourself with the affirmers, not with the destroyers, with the worshipers, not with the desecrators. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Of Goethe's belief I further remark only that he held to immortality on the ground of fitness—so valuable a force as man could not be dispensed with in the economy of nature, to the dignity and worth of man and to the morality of beauty and feeling as over against the morality of law.—*Samuel Plantz in Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

The Study Table.

The Boston Browning Society Papers.*

A course of papers that included those presented in this handsome volume could well afford a good many of an inferior quality; the average must still have been remarkably good. If we have any criticism to make upon the collection as a whole it is that Browning is considered too much as a philosopher and psychologist and not sufficiently as a poet, which above all things we believe he was, believing also that if he is to enjoy any heritage of fame it will be as a poet and not as a psychologist or casuist. One thing that conduces to this impression of over-emphasis on Browning's metaphysics and psychology is the more general preference that we seem to find as we pass from article to article for the later poems, those subsequent to "The Ring and the Book." There are those who like Browning very much because they do not like poetry, and these will generally be found battening with enthusiasm on the most psychological of his poems and especially on those he wrote when the reflective element in his genius had pushed the poet from his seat. Of course these distinctions must not be taken too rigidly; cannot be, when we remember that, who would, could hear Sordello's story told quite early in the first half of the poet's long and checkered reign. Moreover, while the emphasis of these papers seems to us to be unduly on the psychologic Browning, his real poetry receives much happy recognition.

And this, too,—a circumstance of great importance, calling for much commendation,—without any conspicuous tendency to that abject and fulsome praise which has vitiated so much of the admiration which Browning has received. Here is no disposition to find beauties and wonders everywhere,—often where the judicious critic is obliged to grieve over some miserable cacophany or some stretch of verse that is neither good as poetry or prose. In general the tone is that of sound discrimination and a modest self-respect. Mr. Higginson comes first with a brief "Biography of Browning's Fame." We should have had some fuller account of its vicissitudes and of the circumstances that rescued him from the oblivion of 1860, and set him on the heights, twenty years further along. Next we have Professor Royce's study of Browning's theism, a paper written with great clearness, bringing out fully and comprehensively Browning antithesis and reconciliation of God as power and love. The reconciliation is by divine incarnation in humanity, but not, as the orthodox devotee of Browning would fain believe, by an individual incarnation in Jesus; rather by a universal incarnation in humanity. "Browning's Art in Monologue," by Percy Stickney Grant, is the fullest expression of what comes out in several papers in a less degree—the persuasion that as a monologuist Browning was at once stronger and weaker than anywhere else. It was his tendency to monologue that handicapped him miserably as a dramatic poet. Rev. Charles G. Ames writes upon "Caliban upon Satebos," with vivid force, the preacher coming out strongly in the concluding pages which are no worse for that. He finds Caliban making his lair in many a comfortable life. "Not only in certain forms of religious literature and in hymn or prayer, we may hear the Calibanic note of self-felicitation or whining, but in how many of our daily moods we may detect some of the same coloring matter." Rev. George Willis Cooke writes with much delicate appreciation of "Browning's Theory of Romantic Love," incidentally, perhaps, crediting chivalric love with a higher character than it actually possessed; certainly if Vernon Lee is an authority upon this head.

We cannot speak particularly of each separate paper, nor at all as we should like to of Jenkin Lloyd Jones's "The Uncalculating Soul," an extremely characteristic paper, nor of Henry Jones's "Browning as a Dramatic Poet," the best presentation of the subject we have ever seen. William J. Rolfe writes with the ability of an expert of "Browning's Mastery of Rhyme." Mr. Latimer's "A Browning Monologue," is misnamed, for it is a Latimer monologue about Browning's use of imagery which we find a sparing one, a judgment that we shall have to think about before falling in with it. Mr. Chadwick has a paper upon "Luria," a beautiful subject, the treatment of which would have been much more successful if the writer could have made it so, no doubt. Professor Royce contributes a second paper on "Paracelsus," and Professor Everett one on "Sordello," which, with much incidental appreciation, is a deprecation in the main. Mr. Bradford's "Return of the Druses," must be regarded as another. Mr. Hornbrooke has a good subject in "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," and handles it skilfully. Greek and other classical implications of Browning's poetry are considered by Messrs. Lawton, Cummings, Moxom, and Miss Vida Scudder. Mrs. Emma Endicott Marean, the Librarian of the Boston Browning Society, whose recent catalogue of the society's Browning literature is an achievement worthy of the highest praise, makes a good end of the volume in hand with a paper entitled "The Nature Element in Browning's Poetry." Speaking comparatively, she finds that "with him nature is less a means of ornamentation than it is with Tennyson, less a source of personal enjoyment and universal revelation than with Emerson, less a refuge or anodyne for pain than it is with Arnold." Taking it as a whole we commend the volume heartily to all lovers of Browning, and especially to all classes organized for the study of his poetry. It will send many of those who love him best back to his pages with a fresh capacity for the enjoyment of whatever is best in him as a thinker and as a poet.

J. W. C.

*Selected to represent the work of the Society from 1886 to 1897. New York. The Macmillan Company, 1897. Royal 8vo. Cloth. $3.00.

The Conception of God.*

We have here the first volume of the projected publications of the Philosophical Union of the University of California; the second, Professor Watson's "Christianity and Idealism," having appeared in advance of the first. Much of the book was published in a pamphlet in 1895, and attracted wide attention among philosophical students. Professor Royce now contributes a supplement more elaborate than his original essay, and Professor Howison, one of the disputants, reviews the whole discussion in an

*A philosophical discussion of the nature of the Divine idea as a demonstrable reality. By Josiah Royce and others, New York. The Macmillan Company, 1897. Crown, 8vo. Cloth, $1.75.

extended preface, which enables him to get in the last word in reply to the supplement of Professor Royce. There could not be a better review of the book than this preface, at least from Professor Howison's point of view, which is that of the antimonist, the dualistic theist, whose resolution is bent above all things on saving man as a moral being, more even than the necessitated product of a divine beneficence.

The discussion is one of the most remarkable, serious, and fundamental that have been published in our time. Professor Royce's essay is the most difficult piece of thinking he ever has made public, and if it were necessary, in order to believe in God, to believe in him upon these grounds, the believers would be few. The other disputants are Professor Joseph Le Conte, Professor Mezes, of the University of Texas, and Professor Howison, of the University of California. As to the fundamental question, Is the belief in a personal God a valid belief? all the speakers maintain an affirmative position. But divergence soon begins. Agreeing pretty well as to what must constitute reality, they differ widely as to what constitutes the reality of a being deserving to be called divine. First, as to whether Professor Royce's conception is what he thinks it is—the conception of a personal God—Professors Mezes and Howison maintain a negative, while Professor Le Conte, without venturing a judgment, offers a line of argument entirely different from Professor Royce's, an argument that is strictly evolutional. Second, as to whether Professor Royce's conception is compatible with man's moral freedom, Professor Mezes maintains an affirmative and Professor Howison a negative, while Professor Le Conte offers a mediating theory, conjoining the doctrine of God as immanent in nature with the conception of man as ultimately a free intelligence, extricated from nature by evolution, and becoming self-active and immortal. The main interest of the discussion, however, centers in the difference between Prof. Howison and Professor Royce upon this point, the former maintaining that there is a chasm, incapable of closure, between the immanence of God, as conceived by Professor Royce, and the real personality of human beings. Professor Howison maintains this position with great ability, and it is one to which our liberal preachers should give careful heed. Among these the tendency has been strongly in the direction of an immanent monism, pantheism. No doubt, at the same time, they have insisted upon human freedom, else would they find their occupation gone; but have they done this with logical consistency? Pantheism is immensely attractive from the poetic side, but because its moral corollary is necessarian, it may well give the thoughtful preacher pause. Professor Royce, in his supplementary essay, endeavors to relieve his doctrine from the objections heaped upon it by Professor Howison, arguing that human personality, conceived as self-conscious individuality, flows directly from his conception of God, but Professor Howison contends that the human self, when considered as a part of the divine self, has no real freedom, no true personality.

The subject is a tremendously interesting and important one, handled by all the disputants with great ability. The book can be warmly recommended as an intellectual gymnastic of the most exacting quality. It can also be recommended as a reproof for intellectual immodesty. Judged by the standards of this great discussion, what baby-talk is that of the majority of our pulpit-philosophers! And where men of such ability and training as these disputants cannot agree concerning those things which are fundamental to our conduct every day and every hour, does it not seem that God must have "provided some better thing for us" than the tenuities of philosophy or science if he is truly God and expects us to believe in him in any real heart-moving and life-shaping fashion? J. W. C.

The Story of the Atmosphere.*

We have received and carefully examined a little book entitled "The Story of the Atmosphere," by Douglas Archibald, Fellow of the Meteorological Society of London. This book is one of a series of "Useful Stories," by different authors, dealing with various branches of knowledge, in simple, untechnical language. It is, it seems to us a very successful effort to popularize one branch of science, and bring to the reader's notice the latest discoveries, and the most generally accepted hypothesis about what is not yet certainly known. It is gratifying also, to find that such great authority as Douglas Archibald, has faith in the airship of the near future, though he seems to intimate that we will have to cultivate a sixth sense, that of balancing ourselves in the unstable air, before we will be a success as "high flyers."

The story of the atmosphere is a fascinating story, but is by no means light or easy reading. Its demonstration and explanation of the great storm movements, the definition of such terms as cyclone and tornado, commonly confused as synonymous, but totally different. The general idea it gives us of the fundamental principles upon which the weather bureau bases its prognostications, and the lucid explanation of those "insane" lines on the weather map, make it a valuable and desirable book to the farmer, teacher or any person whose business is in any way dependent on the weather. R. L. J.

I cannot do better in introducing our friend Dr. Holbrook's new book, "Stirpiculture," than to give you the contents of one chapter. It is headed "A Theoretical Baby." Its contents are: Our First Baby; We Had Theories; What Some of Them Were; My Wife's Love for Me; My Sentiments; The Child's Easy Birth; Mother's Rapid Convalescence; The Child's First Bath; Forming Good Habits Early; No Crying at Night; Never Rocked to Sleep; His Bed; Keeping the Stomach and Bowels Right; Colic, Irritability, and the Necessity for Diapers Eliminated; Number of Meals Daily; The Infant's Clothing; At One Year Old; Teething Gives Little Trouble; Requires Considerable Water; Learning to Creep, Stand, Walk, and Talk by His Own Efforts; Invents His Own Amusements; Companionship with Parents; Mothering; Learning Self-Control; Obedience; Playmates. This is a little volume of solid worth—one of the few that I place within easy reach of my right hand, to be used frequently when I have an hour of leisure. The spirit is ennobling and helpful. Those who desire to rear noble families cannot do better than make a study of Stirpiculture. E. P. P.

*(New York, D. Appleton & Co., 72 Fifth Avenue, 40c.)

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUNDAY. The small and sweet surprises in life's field of daily labor come through an infinite purpose of love.
MONDAY. It is easy to applaud success, but often better to prophesy it, and thus to encourage and secure it.
TUESDAY. By a little forethought we may learn to share our handfuls.
WEDNESDAY. The unexpected overflow may give more pleasure than the whole of the even measure.
THURSDAY. The blessed contagion of cheerfulness is a good thing to spread.
FRIDAY. Let us build nests of pleasant thoughts and abide therein.
SATURDAY. There is no life without its windows.

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

The New Baby.

There came to port, last Sunday night,
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked, and looked, and laughed.

It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room,
My daughter, O my daughter!

She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water,
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter, O my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and tamed ones too!
Ring out the lover's moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon!

Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen, and ink—
My daughter, O my daughter!

GEORGE W. CABLE.

Making Flags.

All flags used in the United States navy are made by women at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. In the great sewing room in building No. 7, from twenty to thirty women are assembled to work on the flags. Not only are our own Stars and Stripes made by them, but also the flags of every nation in whose waters our vessels sail. Some of the women grow old in the service, for the workers in the department are preferred for their skill as needle-workers and not on account of partisan influence. The change of administration has no effect upon these women. Year after year they sew the stripes together, and the stars to position on the blue firmament in the corner of the flag. They embroider the Chinese dragon, and applique the fantastic symbols used in flags of other nations. Every star shows a certain number of stitches to the inch, and the work receives rigid inspection. The work lasts all the year round, and there is no fluctuation in the wages paid.—*Selected.*

Little M— went into the parlor to entertain a visitor while her mother was getting ready to come down stairs. To show herself quite up to times she said: "Do you find much difference in prices when you are shopping since the McGinty bill passed?" —*Exchange.*

Rest and Beauty.

Good health is of vastly more importance than intellectuality. I believe that sheer weariness causes more trouble in the world than it ever gets blamed for. A rested person, other things being right, is a pleasant one, while a tired person is almost sure to be cross. Many a family wrangle has started from a few sharp words, caused by overstrained nerves. Rest often, and rest in the right way, if you would keep your eyes bright and your complexion fresh.

Many people think they cannot afford to lie down in the daytime, or if they do that they must improve the time by reading. It is a false idea of the economy of time. Neither the reading nor the resting is well done, and so the time spent is practically wasted. But to take little rests — lying down— does not waste time; it is time invested in a way that pays big dividends. The bright eyes, and good color and good temper of a rested person are to a home worth many times what the sewing, or embroidering, or crocheting, or even reading, accomplished in the same amount of time, could ever possibly be worth.

—ROSE THORNE, *in Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Scarecrow.

The farmer looked at his cherry-tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he;
"If somebody only would show me how!"
He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and torn—
Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry-tree.

The robins, who watched him every day,—
Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright!—
Surveying the monster, began to say,
"Why should this monster our prospects blight?
He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew, and the sauciest pair
Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.
And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
That, half concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming covert of safety and ease.

By the time the cherries were ruby red,
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole day long on the ripe fruit fed;
'Twas so convenient! They ran no risk!
Until the children were ready to fly,
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the Guy
For a robin's flourishing family!

Celia Thaxter.

A love of nature, as John Burroughs says, is never to be cultivated by "dumping a lot of bare facts on children." "To make it a task," he says, "there's no good in that. Let children soak themselves in the atmosphere of nature. Don't stick it on the outside. Let them absorb it. What we want is the love of these things. If we have that it deepens our enjoyment of life."

"Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means."

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO, UNITY CHURCH,—Services at Unity Church were resumed on October 10th, Mr. Gould filling the pulpit on that date, while Robert Collyer will occupy it for the succeeding four Sundays. Reports at the meeting of the society held October 5th showed a considerable increase in the coming year's income from pew rentals over that of the past year or two, so that there is renewed courage and a determination to increase the usefulness of Unity still further. Steps have also been taken to replenish the dwindling coffers of the Unity Industrial School on Elm Street, so as to avoid any break in the school and settlement work carried on there under the auspices of the church. The Sunday-school began its sessions on the 17th, and the Young People's Club has already had its first fall meeting, at which steps were taken toward outlining the coming season's work of the club. All told it looks as if Unity would show even more activity, and that of a most helpful kind, than it has done for many years past. S.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. All Souls' Church, of this city, which has become the church of Unitarians and nameless Liberals, as well as Universalists, under whose auspices it has been carried on for nearly fifty years, seems to have taken on new life in broadening its fellowship and interests. The new pastor, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, who comes here from Church of the Unity in Boston, has been greeted for six Sundays with audiences that have filled the church. Without solicitation sixty-two new sittings have been rented in six weeks, which places the finances upon a secure basis.

Mr. Sprague issues a weekly bulletin with taking quotations and the interesting items not only of his own parish but of the general work, with full list of committees, etc. A recent Sunday morning topic was, "Shall We Say All that We Think About Religious Matters?"

Thursday evening, October 7th, following a parish supper, a meeting was held in the church and addresses made by Rev. E. L. Rexford, D. D., of Columbus, who took occasion to highly commend the action of this church in widening its constituency, and with numerous and apt illustrations portrayed how in the Mississippi Valley there are at least 500 cities and towns now with no liberal churches or only very ineffective ones, which by such combination of liberal forces, might be graced with strong and useful liberal churches. Dr. Rexford left a deep impresson on all who heard him and helped to consummate the dream of unity.

Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes, of Manistee, followed with an able and eloquent address upon the necessity of personal character, breadth and inclusiveness of spirit and aim, if men are to work together for these things.

On Friday night Rev. Leslie W. Sprague was installed as pastor of the church. Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D.D., was announced for the sermon, but a wreck of a freight train delayed him so that he could not make connections and reach this city. In his absence Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes was pressed into that part of the service, and, with short notice, delivered a sermon of such breadth and eloquence that it will not soon be forgotten. Rev. Lee S. McCollester, of Detroit, gave the address of welcome to the pastor. His word was born of the forward look and filled with hope. Mr. McCollester also gave the installation prayer. Rev. P. W. Illman delivered an address to the parish, which contained many wise injunctions needed in all churches. One specially gratifying feature of the service was the presence of the two leading evangelical ministers of the city. Rev. J. Herman Randall, of the Baptist church, read the scripture and offered the opening prayer, and Rev. Mr. Bradley, of the Park Congregational church, delivered an address of welcome to the new pastor. Altogether, the liberal people of Grand Rapids feel that a challenge to higher efforts and deeper fraternity has been given them, and that they must not falter.

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By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Books Received.

BRIGHT THREADS. By Julia H. Johnston. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $0.75.

THREE PARTNERS OR THE BIG STRIKE ON HEAVY TREE HILL. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

A BROWNING COURTSHIP AND OTHER STORIES. Eliza Orme White. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

GLEANINGS IN BUDDHA FIELDS: Studies of Hand and Soul in the Far East. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

NATURE'S DIARY. Compiled by Francis H. Allen. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

FROM THE OLD FAITH TO THE NEW, P. E. Vizard. Philip Green, London. pp. 136. 1 s.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS, by R. A. Armstrong, B. A. Philip Green, London. 1 s.

THE BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY PAPERS FROM 1886-97. Macmillan Co., New York. pp. 403. $3.00.

A Confession.

An Old Coffee-Drinker Tells How It Affects Him.

Many people imagine that the power of the intellect is increased by the use of coffee. The testimony of a man with originally good intellect and moral powers, as to its effect upon mind and morals will be of value. "When I awake," he says, "I have the intelligence and activity of an oyster, but immediately after coffee, stores of memory leap, so to speak, to the tongue, and talkativeness, haste, and the letting slip something we should not have mentioned are often the consequences. Moderation and prudence are always wanting. The cold, reflective seriousness of our forefathers, the solid firmness of their wills, resolutions, and judgment, the duration of their speedy but powerful and judicious bodily movements—all this noble original impress of our natures disappears before this medicinal beverage, and gives way to over-hasty attempts, rash resolutions, immature decisions, levity and fickleness, talkativeness, inconsistency, and rapid mobility of the muscles."

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A secret nook in a pleasant land."

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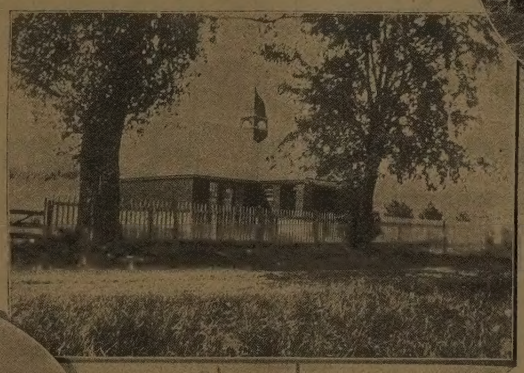
Willow Bridge.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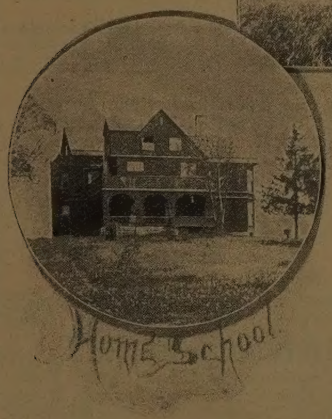
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The Company owns (1) the United States Tunnel, secured by U. S. laws, situated in Clear Creek and Gilpin Counties, Colorado. The tunnel begins at Hukill Gulch, half a mile from the town of Idaho Springs (36 miles by railroad from Denver), and runs through Bellevue Mountain, under the rich group of mines at the head of Virginia Canon, across the most productive part of Russell District, through the very heart of Quartz Hill, and into the midst of the best mines of Gunnell and Eureka. The entire distance is three and a quarter miles, and from mouth to terminus the tunnel runs through continuous gold-producing territory, found in true fissure veins. Of the gold-bearing veins directly crossed by the tunnel, 114 have been already developed and patented, and as many more have been discovered and worked. It has already cut two blind lodes, which assay well in gold, and will pay for working. Work on the tunnel was begun in 1895, and has been continued since. 500 feet have been already completed, and a railroad tramway has been laid the full distance. The United States Tunnel is a

TUNNEL THROUGH A GOLD MOUNTAIN

for Bellevue Mountain undoubtedly is the richest gold district in the world.

(2) **Fifteen Mines,** each 1,500 feet on the lode by 150 feet in width, located on the line of the tunnel. Ore rich in gold has already been struck in several of these mines, and the Omaha, Wabash, Big Four, and Gazette are particularly promising. They have each shafts from 15 to 20 feet deep, and the veins thereon are from four to five feet wide, and assay from $7.00 to $21.00 in gold. (3) **The mill site,** consisting of 53 acres of patented ground, immediately adjoining the town of Idaho Springs, and close to the Colorado Central Railroad. This site is ample for mills, smelting and all other purposes. (4) **Water privileges** covering the water rights on South Clear and Chicago Creek, giving 200 horse power, sufficient for all company purposes.

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Clear Creek and Gilpin Counties, in Colorado, produced precious metals in the past five years valued at $29,253,635, according to the official statistics, 70% of this being in gold. The United States Tunnel cross cuts mines that produced 45% of this, or $13,500,000.

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Professor S. W. Tyler, the celebrated mining engineer of Denver, Colorado, a graduate of the Universities of Goettingen and Freiburg, Germany, in an exhaustive report on the United States Tunnel, gives the following as a conservative estimate of the yearly revenue and profit of the Company, exclusive of the Company's mines:

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Power Supply	100,000	50,000
Royalties	100,000	100,000
Milling (1,500 tons daily)	821,250	273,750
Total	$1,684,450	$780,350

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which is sufficient to pay an annual dividend of 15% on the par value of stock, or 30% on the present investment. 15% to 30% additional may be confidently expected from the results of working the company's own mines.

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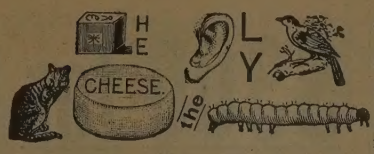

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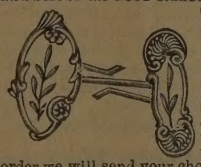

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CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan Avenue and 23d Street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren Avenue and Robey Street. T. B. Gregory, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE SOUL (Spiritualist), Masonic Temple. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Minister.

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ISAIAH TEMPLE (Jewish), Oakland Club Hall, Ellis Avenue and 39th Street. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d Street.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL (Unitarian), corner Fifty seventh Street and Lexington Avenue. Rev. W. W. Fenn preaches Sunday afternoons and evenings.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

PEOPLES' CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theatre, Madison Street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

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SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish) Indiana Avenue and 21st Street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE, Steinway Hall. W. M Salter, Lecturer.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie Avenue and 28th Street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart Avenue and 65th Street. R. A. White, Minister.

TEMPLE ISRAEL, Memorial Baptist Church, Oakwood Boulevard. I. S. Moses, Minister.

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1. P☆N☆S☆L☆A☆I☆ — Name of a State in the UnitedStates
2. ☆E☆☆E☆☆E☆ — Another State of the United States.
3. C☆N☆I☆N☆TI — A place in the United States.
4. B☆☆T☆N — Another place in the United States.
5. A☆☆☆☆☆A — A well known Country, full of patriotism.
6. ☆☆☆☆ON — A large river in America.
7. C☆☆☆AG☆ — A place thousands of Illinois people call their home.
8. ☆☆☆☆☆SW☆R☆D — A popular monthly publication issued in N.Y. City.
9. ☆I☆☆☆☆☆ ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆Y — The name of a man noted for receiving $50,000 a year salary.
10. L☆N☆☆L☆ — Name of another President. He was assassinated
11. J☆P☆N — Name of a distant Country.
12. CHI☆☆ — Name of another distant Country.
13. W☆☆☆I☆GT☆N — A noted army general of about a century ago.
14. C☆F☆EE — A popular kind of drink.
15. ☆A☆ER — Another popular drink.

Every word needed to make the list complete has been printed millions of times in Geographies, Dictionaries, Newspapers and other accessible mediums of information. When you have made as large a list as you can, send us your list, with 25 cents to pay for three months' subscription to **Woman's World.** As soon as your letter is received, we shall turn the same over to the well-informed committee of examiners, and, if you have sent at least ten correct words, we shall send you by express prepaid, our **$50.00 Guarantee American-made Watch** and Chain, with the understanding that, if you find as represented, you are to become a regular subscriber to **Woman's World,** in accordance with our arrangements and offer as indicated when we send you the valuable $50.00 Guarantee Watch and Chain. Furthermore, if the committee decides that you have sent a full correct list, you shall receive **$300.00 in money,** also the $50.00 Watch and Chain. When you send your list of words, don't fail to name your nearest express office, as well as post-office address, so the prize may reach you promptly. **Don't forget to mention whether you want a lady's or gentleman's watch.**

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